



THE SONG OF SILENCE

BY

SHRI PUROHIT SWAMI

*Author of "In Quest of Myself", "Harbinger of Love",
"Honey-Comb", "Gunjarao", etc., etc.*



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THE SONG OF SILENCE.

(1)

My Lord ! Let me sing the song of silence on the harp of
Thy love,
And pull the wires of peace,
And let it vibrate through the hearts of the world
And fill them with the message of Truth eternal.
My Lord ! Let me sing the song of silence without word
and rhyme,
And let it break asunder the trammels of my mind
And pour forth in torrents the melody of love,
To enliven the spirits of the world
And prepare them to long for the life of Wisdom eternal.
My Lord ! Let me sing the song of silence
And let it silently reverberate
And inspire the conscience of the world to yearn for life
beyond,
A Life of Divine Bliss eternal.

(2)

I am a miser and I love myself,
And lay by the expenditure of my love.
I am a sinner and I love myself,
And revel in the sins of my love.
I am a lawyer and I love myself,
And hail the defeats of my love.
I am a friar and I love myself,
And spurn the trophies of my love.
I am a lover and I love myself,
And never care to chide the world of my love.

(3)

I am both rich and poor,
Rich with the riches of peace,
And poor with the poverty of my lust.
I am both young and old,
Young with the buoyancy of love,
And old with the wrinkles of desire.
I am both alive and dead,
Alive to the duty of life beyond,
And dead to the ephemeral charms of the world.

(4)

From the heights of self
The river of life issues
And passing along the woods of desire
Through the banks of delusion runs.
The vaunting brooks of kith and kin
In its eager course, does it embrace
And sheltering the aqueous life of lucre and lust
Through whirlpools and rocks of reason and faith
Flows headlong.
They murmur and roar
The rippling waves of virtue and vice
And on their bosom carry along
The trophies of proud feather and foam
And in the sour ocean of death
Their sweetness merge
Only their fate to lament
In the annihilation of self.

(5)

My Lord ! If Thou wilt not, who dare show me the way ?
The district is hilly and the path is full of rugged virtue.
The river of delusion winds its way throughout
With the murmuring waves of egoism.
The life of venom creeps along and hisses me beside the way.
I am alone and the creation of my mind terrorizes me.
My feet are wearied,
And I ascend my steps only to descend them twice.
My Lord ! If Thou wilt not, who dare me show the way ?

(6)

Let me die my death before I am born,
And let my birth preach the simple song of life.
Let me be as small as the atom
And reach the sky and vie the vastness of the ocean,
To sing the song of the humblest greatness of life.
Let me break the ice
And emit the flames of fire to burn the venom of the world,
And drink the toast of the divine nectar of bliss and love
Unfathomable.

(7)

I want to create something out of nothing,
My Lord ! is it impossible ?
I know ignorance is the surest test of wisdom,
My Lord ! is it unreasonable ?
I believe oblivion is the grandest way to love,
My Lord ! is it impracticable ?

(8)

Here's a curious problem that has baffled the brains of
mathematics.

I add and I subtract,
And the answer is the same.
I multiply and I divide,
And the answer is the same.
I gain and I lose,
Name it what you choose,
But the answer is ever the same.

(9)

I implore Thee to come, my Lord !
Come soon, and empty the fulness of my heart.
I implore Thee to come, my Lord !
Come soon, and fill the emptiness of my heart.
I implore Thee to come, my Lord !
Come soon, and suffer me to implore Thy presence always
in my heart.

(10)

Every soul is in his element
And enjoys the song of life to his heart's content.
He has got his own harp,
And pulls the wires of his own choice
And invariably applies his own standard of music,
Marking his own as the best in the whole lot.
He accepts what suits his tune
And rejects the dissonant choir.
He ascends the throne of his own making,
And never cares for the strictures of the world beyond.

(11)

I am the rose,
 And I'll not dare to pluck the flower of my own ;
 I am the mango,
 And I'll not dare to eat the fruit of my own.
 I am the river,
 And I'll not dare to drink the water of my own ;
 I am the ocean,
 And I'll not dare to refuse the river of my own.
 I am the sun,
 And I'll not dare to swallow the rays of my own ;
 I am the world,
 And I'll not dare to chide the beings of my own.

(12)

I worship the stars and I worship the moon,
 I worship the tree and I worship the stone.
 I worship the man and I worship the cow,
 I worship the sword and I worship the plough.
 I worship the mountain and I worship the river,
 I worship the bow and I worship the quiver.
 I worship the cuckoo and I worship the spring.
 I worship the pearls for I worship the string.

(13)

I'll humour my wit
 And laugh away my smile,
 Life is a precious boon
 And I'll not lose a while.
 I'll not suffer to lose
 But hoard the running hour,
 I'll have the soul to choose,
 And ignore the mortal cover.

I have had enough of birth
 I am tired of recurring life,
 My Lord ! Let me know my real worth
 And help me to end my strife.

(14)

'Tis a bad bargain to hate,
 'Tis a missile that strikes me first, and lays me prostrate
 Ere it strikes its aim.
 It loses the balance of my own
 And drawing the blood from my veins
 Unhinges the fibres of my love
 To the dismal ruin of both.
 'Tis an attempt at self-interest
 That loses the supreme interest in Self all the while.

(15)

Ah! Thou fleeting moment of bliss !
 Wait, and tell me why art thou come,
 Which is thy place of birth
 And whitherto thou art flying in haste.
 Wait, and tell me the nature of thy being,
 The form of thy bliss
 And the purpose of thy mission.
 Wait, and tell me the truth of thy life,
 And the life of thy truth,
 Which I long so much to instil in my heart forever.

(16)

My Lord ! I am eager the river to cross.
 Thou art ready with Thy boat, to row me to the other bank .
 But I am diffident and weak.
 I myself would have gladly swam across
 But I dare not dip my feet in water for fear of catching cold.
 I have been waiting all along from time immemorial
 In the hope that the current would stop
 But it does not.
 My Lord ! Canst Thou not help me to save the situation ?

(17)

Ah ! Thou falling star !
 Thou wert enthroned in the heavens for ages bygone
 The moment of thy birth shrouded in darkness of time
 Impenetrable to the brains of learning.
 Thou hast shed myriad sparks of twinkling light
 And blest the struggling worlds with thy hopeful smile.
 Alas ! At last the fatal hour is come
 And thou hast shone and burnt thyself to death
 And lo ! I hold thee in my palm with ease
 And sigh over thy lump of earth
 In resignation and peace.

(18)

My Lord ! Let me be like the fish,
 And learn to swim,
 And have my being in the waters of Thy love forever.
 I would never care to give up my home
 To bask in the brilliant rays of the sun
 Or the shooting smile of the star.

To enjoy the warble of the bird
 Or the fragrance of the spring.
 To taste the fruits of nature
 Or to fly in the azure dome.
 Let me pledge my everlasting faith
 And never lose it at the sacrifice of my life.

(19)

I am ready to receive the fragrance,
 But I am waiting
 Till the flowers gather themselves
 And run into my basket.
 I am ready to welcome the Ganges,
 But I am waiting
 Till the waves gather themselves
 And purify me with their holy bath.
 I am ready to cross the mountain,
 But I am waiting
 Till the trees gather themselves
 And carry me on their shoulders across.
 I am ready to bless myself,
 But I am waiting
 Till the blessings gather themselves
 And hail me with their showers.

(20)

I am storing bags of winds,
 The means of my fleeting happiness.
 I know they would not save me in times of distress,
 The metal and the stamp
 Have no value in the market hereafter.
 I dote over my changing moods
 And hate and love
 With suppressed breath.

I guard them with care,
 And pay for the guard
 Only to find in the end
 That the things are not worth the payment.

(21)

'Tis easy to hate than love.
 A child can burn but build it not
 And a stone can roll down the descent
 But dare not an upright cliff to climb.
 One can slip down the mossy slope of vice an effort without
 But dare not easily ascend the heights of rugged virtue.
 A prodigy of virtue is he who for hatred his love returns
 For knows he that offspring of ignorance
 Which can elicit pity in his heart at best
 And from his lips a prayer
 For the erring soul's uplift.

(22)

I know the fault of my teeth,
 But I'll not suffer my tongue to voice forth the error abroad.
 They in the world cannot their sympathy spare
 Never, for neither of them
 And would only sneer within and laugh aloud.
 Both of them I want
 And gently would their follies chide
 And in peace and happiness
 Try to set them in tune,
 Instead breaking them asunder
 In my wrath to ruin us all.

(23)

Thou Angel of Love !
 Let me but touch the skirts of Thy robe flowing in the air
 And I'll cherish the memory of that bliss
 To the last moments of my life.
 Let me hear the ringing ripple of Thy smiles
 And I'll allow them to reverberate through the recesses of
 my heart
 To the last moments of my life.
 Let me but inhale the sweet fragrance of Thy breath
 And I'll fondly foster the freshness of my mind
 To the last moments of my life.

(24)

My Lord ! Give me Thy judgment,
 I lay before Thee the virtue of my vice,
 Virtue and vice, are they not relative ?
 The former owes its elevation and name
 To methinks like me a sinner-soul.
 I know 'tis Thy favourite
 But art Thou so cruel the effect to embrace
 And suffer all the while the merits of the cause to ignore ?

(25)

Come along, my little singing bird !
 Thou needst not be afraid.
 I'll not for thy voice in my golden cage
 Imprison and shut thee from the sky for ever.
 Come along, thou art myself,
 Eat the crumbs of bread in my hand
 And fly away at ease.
 Thou needst not be afraid.

I'll not twist thy neck and boil thy flesh
 My dish to serve
 And hasten thee from this world forever.
 Come along, thou art myself,
 Drink the water in my bowl
 And then fly away at ease.
 Thou needst not be afraid.
 But from the sky descend
 And will I teach thee the mission of thy song
 And shall we enjoy the life of love and friendship for ever.
 Come along, thou art myself,
 Let me have thee on my palm
 And hear thy song
 And then sky away at ease.

(26)

I embrace the many, for I embrace the one,
 I welcome the rays, for I welcome the sun.
 I ignore the sin, for I've gone through the stage,
 I excuse the bondage, for I was a bird of the cage.
 I condone the ignorance, for I know I had my chance,
 I pity the poor, for I was not rich all at once.
 I know the world, for sure 'tis born of Him,
 I love the world, for it always lives with Him.

(27)

Truth knows no darkness.
 Though 'tis screened by the shadows of calumny
 Born of hate and envy
 'Tis bound in time to shed its lustre of peace and goodwill
 towards all
 Whether they long for it or not.
 Truth knows no disguise.
 Though it panders not to the wayward taste of time,

'Twill assert its claim
 And break through the mist of fog and ignorance
 To shine forth with renewed light
 And fill the sky with the breath of love and harmony
 Whether it longs for it or not.
 Truth knows no defence.

'Twill not leave its throne of justice
 Founded on the rock of divine consciousness
 To stand the witness-box of the world,
 But will sing the song of freedom
 In the undulating waves of the air
 And fill it with eternal joy and bliss
 Whether it longs for it or not.

(28)

Nay, pluck not the rose, my dear,
 Lest it hurt the feelings of the mother.
 Be it blessed with the presence of the child,
 The smile of Nature thou canst enjoy from afar
 Behold, through its veins passes the shudder sharp,
 As thou art trying to approach
 With thy motive malignant.
 To the piteous implorings listen
 Though inaudible to the common stalk,
 And try it not to hasten thy cruel resolve.
 Have pity
 And never alone breathe the fragrance sweet
 Leaving the rightful heir
 To mourn in silence
 With no voice of defence.

(29)

I hear Thy message from afar.
The thrilling notes of Thy song
Hush the throbings of my heart
And prepare my mind for the aerial flight of joy.
'Tis Thy call of Love
That breathes through the wires of peace
And hastens the craving soul for the aerial flight of joy.
I ope my eyes and gaze
Listlessly at the sky
And down my cheeks the tears roll
And in gratitude I close them down
To suffer the aerial flight of joy.

(30)

I love not when I expect love in return,
I hate not when I expect hate in return.
My so-called love I fully enjoy
When I see the nectar of love flows along
From out my beloved's heart.
And alike my so-called hate
When I see the blood of distress oozing wild
From out my hated heart.
Our love and hate, have a double tongue
And a double deal,
And nothing more foreign to truth
For they know not how to wound or heal.

(31)

Seated was I on the throne in my mansion
 In the famous city of nine gates.
 Surrendered had I my powers of reign
 Unto the hands of the ministers ten
 And in oblivion sweet
 Whiled away my life,
 And knew not the kingdom affairs.
 Never thought I,
 That they would my cause betray
 And for the enemies six
 Open the gates
 And allow them the city to plunder and burn
 And eject me therefrom perforce
 To move in search for another one.

(32)

'Tis all a happy show.
 There speak the dumb with the tongue of silence
 With such a voice aloud
 That the world lends a deaf ear to the song,
 And the blind see with the vision of darkness
 With such a powerful light
 That the world is blind-folded to the sight.
 The lame ascends the shoulders of the deaf
 And sings in praise of the journey,
 The latter listening in raptures
 To the melodious song all the while.

(33)

My Lord ! Cans't Thou not pity me ?
 I have been searching for Thee all along.
 I approached the shining star,
 And it answered my query with a twinkling wile ;
 I approached the blooming flower,
 And it answered my query with a careless smile ;
 I approached the garrulous brook,
 And it answered my query with a reckless noise ;
 I approached the learned book,
 And it answered my brains to make my own choice ;
 I approached the living saint,
 And he answered me quaintly to try and search my home
 within.
 My Lord! Cans't Thou not pity me, a puzzled soul?

(34)

'Tis the tree without the roots,
 But the branches pierce the infinite sky
 And never bear a single flower or fruit.
 Enamoured of its expansive shade
 The birds of divers colour and tune
 From distant land and clime invade
 In hopes of a happy healthy home.
 They dance and they sing,
 They bill and they coo ;
 They sigh and they laugh
 They fight and they rue ;
 Till at the fatal hour their form they change
 And a different nest exchange.
 From time immemorial the process goes on
 And relief intervenes
 When the leaves swallow the tree
 Away vanish the birds
 And will end with endless time.

(35)

My Lord! I am afraid to walk the rugged path of solitude
alone.

Thy silent step that follows I hear,
It guards me my journey along
But my fancy alas! creates many a form of fear
That persuades me to wend my steps back again.
I am out of form,
And will not play the game,
But my Lord!
Wilt Thou not guide and help me in Thy form?

(36)

Many a time, to the shore, they go
And gather pebbles on the beach.
The simple herd are they,
That hoard them as their precious stones
And their wealth enjoy
With all the innocent self-deceit that they can command.
With a vigilant eye
Their treasure-trove they guard
And over the tale lament
If a single coin is lost.
The depth of the sea
And the pleasure of the pearls
Are their ken beyond
Their chance they waste
And hug the fancy, with no blood and life
And form and flesh without.

(37)

What art thou looking at the looking-glass, my child!
 Never expect, 'twill not show the wrinkles of age
 That in silence creep
 The roses of youth beneath.
 Never expect, 'twill not show the darkness of death
 That the glimmer of sight shadows
 And fades with the loss of nerve.
 Never expect 'twill not show the fires infernal
 That are weltering wild
 To gulp down the faithless heart
 Of folly and pride.

(38)

Here are the trophies of abuse,
 For the fading laurels of fame to make amends ;
 Pray, hesitate not, but accept them.
 Here are the triumphs of hatred,
 For the slippery tunes of praise to make amends ;
 Pray, never be morose, but accept them.
 Here are the records of Heaven,
 For the writ of mortal censure to make amends,
 Pray, be not nervous, but accept them.

(39)

A virtue in practice,
 'Tis worth a myriad sermons in the world.
 They are the autumn clouds,
 In vain they roar
 With no power to shower or pour.
 The credulous bird they deceive,
 And the applause they win
 Of the empty vault azure
 That echoes in response.

(40)

The world is a puzzle of endless divergence,
 Those who know the joining link
 The barrier can trespass
 That brings woe to the smiling earth.
 In the desert of conflict
 The plant of unity can they nurse
 And share in common the happiness fruits.
 The gulf of interests over they bridge
 And themselves drown
 To save their beloved selves
 Of another form and hue.

(41)

Begin to know the ignorance of thy Self
 And that is the stepping-stone to wisdom.
 Begin to enter the bonds of faith
 And that is the nearest cut to freedom.
 Begin to condone the fault of thy brother
 And that is the first lesson in love,
 Begin to forget the nature of thy self
 And that is the surest way to heaven above.
 Wisdom, love and freedom
 Open the gates for the Divine Kingdom.

(42)

I hear thy wireless message of love,
 The promise is there
 That boon of peace and happiness,
 And the greed for wealth and fame
 Ever clamouring for war
 Is hushed in silence sweet.

The billows of blood that roar in martial frame
 Are calmed
 And a truce eternal
 For the world inmates
 Is proclaimed for good.

(43)

Never thyself with thy tongue deceive,
 An idol thou worshippest
 Though thy voice dost proclaim
 An edict the system against
 As barbarous and crude.
 'Tis not thy idol of earth and stone
 But of flesh and blood,
 Of nerve and bone.
 Day and night art thou toiling
 Till at last thy work and sweat the idol kills
 And underneath the mother Earth and stone buries.

(44)

I pluck the flower
 And still it showers its smile,
 I hew the sandal
 And it emits its perfume all the while.
 The water I boil
 And still it begins to dance.
 I trample upon the soil
 And still it gives me a chance.
 I ignore the Nature
 And yet she plays her part.
 I forget Thy love
 And still it shines in my heart.

(45)

They are sleeping with their eyes wide awake.
 The sight of vision is lost
 And they grope in search of truth with vacant aim,
 With things of divers light
 The chance they try
 And worried of travel and search
 Pause in hopeless hope,
 Till at last by dint of habit
 They persuade themselves to believe
 The fatal deceit
 And hug its charm
 In innocent folly and blessed content.

(46)

'Tis a curious game.
 Thou art scaling the heights
 With thy eyes and feet moving down the slope ;
 Thou art crossing the tide
 With thy aim and arm drooping against the hope ;
 Thou art worshipping thy Self
 With thy mind and reason shocking away thy faith,
 Thou art living away thy life
 With thy labour and love gliding along thy death.

(47)

'Tis all the pleasure of self.
 The thing outside, to my heart so endeared,
 Owes not its choice to the merits of its charm
 Nor owes its acceptance with all its faults
 To the conscious goodwill on my vaunting part.

But its welcome has its birth
 In my selfish will
 Though never I blush
 To impress it with the charitable stamp
 Of benevolence and love.

(48)

My Lord ! Thou art so late.
 My eyes have lost their light
 In Thy search in times bygone,
 My hands have lost their might
 In pious deeds of hope forlorn,
 Pardon me, if I dare not lift my eyes
 To see my Love,
 Nor stretch my welcome arms
 To embrace Thy form above.

(49)

Excuse me the longings of my sight,
 For I know, thou art beyond my light ;
 Excuse me the longings of my arms,
 For I know, thou art beyond my charms.
 Excuse me, the longings of my hope,
 For I know, thou art beyond my scope ;
 Excuse me, the longings of my heart,
 For I know, 'tis a conceit on my part.

(50)

Enough of my freedom, my Lord !
 To Thy bonds, I resign myself.
 Am tired of my golden chains
 That the sounding name of freedom bear,
 They shine
 And a solid value in the world they fetch,
 But all along dare deceive
 And brighten the ends of slavish darkness.

(51)

'Twas all a mighty fun,
 I was trying to fill the ocean to the brim
 And patch up holes in the dome,
 I was killing my bones to add to the soil
 And convey truth to Thy home,
 I was shedding my tears to avert the dearth
 And carry rains to the field,
 I was trying to help the fountain of strength
 And fight the world with my shield.

(52)

Let it burn itself to death.
 I know the fury of the fire
 It all depends upon the strength of the fuel.
 Cut the supply
 And see how the flame flickers and kills itself.
 Patient love and a nerve of cruel fibre
 The functions of mind can conquer,
 And enjoy the scene
 How the flames swallow themselves
 And liberate the mother fire.

(53)

My Lord ! I am afraid to grant Thy will in every place.
 I gladly dedicate my virtue to Thy love with open mind .
 But I blush with my sin, within myself
 And withhold it as my own.
 My Lord ! Help me to ascribe both to Thy decree divine
 And secure the cohesion of them in virtue alone
 Thus paving my way to Thy will supreme.

(54)

'Tis always a fountain dry,
 The pipe to the right brings supply
 That for all the time would suffice,
 But the one to the left drains the store
 With equal speed
 Leaving no help in times of woe,
 With unblushing speed runs the game of hide and seek
 Till at last tired of their strength
 To their temporal home of rest
 The players succumb.

(55)

'Tis the divine will that revealed itself.
 I see my Lord, in and out,
 There's no place for a single doubt.
 I see His vision and hear His song,
 He guides my journey all along.
 I see my Master, up and down,
 Of truth and bliss, He wears the crown.
 He is the song, and He is the pipe,
 He is the singer of the sublimest type.

(56)

Sweet is Thy name and sweeter Thy love.
 They carry me safely to the Kingdom above.
 Sweet is Thy vision and sweeter Thy help,
 They carry me safely through beauty and pelf.
 Sweet is Thy song and sweeter Thy faith,
 They carry me safely through life and death.
 Sweet is Thy presence and sweeter Thy scope,
 They carry me safely through regions of hope.

(57)

He is here and there and everywhere.
 He is in the smile of the lotus
 And the twinkle of the star;
 He is in the wonders of the foetus
 And the clamour of the war.
 He is in the blush of the rose
 And the bounds of the brook;
 He is in the wrinkles of the age
 And the deceits of the hook.
 He is in the flourish of the blade
 And the horror of the shell;
 He is in the soil and the spade
 And the charms of the spell.

(58)

I would like to reap the harvest of peace.
 My gun as my plough I use
 And in my field the bullets sow
 And shower the rain of fire.
 I wait and a bumper crop expect
 And a vigilant watch do I keep

Over the birds from the sky that sweep
 And my hopes ruin.
 To my surprise I see
 The grains of war in the ear of greed
 Born of blood and bone
 That reared them in silence all alone.

(59)

Lucky are they who listen to Thy message.
 They neither hate nor envy
 Spurn nor desire
 Neither mourn their loss
 Nor gloat over their glory.
 Happy are they who receive Thy message.
 They have realized their being
 And rightly revel in their reckless humility
 Paying their dutiful homage
 To the throne of their love
 In perfect content and silence.
 Blessed are they who deliver Thy message.
 They alone have fulfilled the mission of life
 And breathed the air of bliss divine
 And merging themselves
 In the eternal will of the Absolute Self
 Have unfurled the banner of peace
 High above the struggling world.

(60)

'Tis not the charm of the soil
 But the memory of Thy virtue
 That sanctifies the piece of earth,
 'Tis not the height of the place
 But the memory of Thy love
 That lends the holy hill its worth.

'Tis not the sweetness of the water
 But the memory of Thy blessing
 That deifies the river.

'Tis not the price of the skin
 But the service of the arrow
 That endears the quiver.

(61)

Away with the logic that shatters the smile of the poor,
 Away with the smile that cleaves the bonds of the dear,
 Away with the calm that brings woe to the hearth
 of cheer,
 Away with the song that burns the sense of those
 that hear.
 Away with the pride that cares not for its spiritual
 goal,
 Away with the vaunt that dares not help the rise
 of the soul.

(62)

My Lord! Wouldst Thou help me out of the woods?
 The roar of greed I hear
 The tender nerve of mine it breaks,
 The shades of darkness deepen
 That never allow the ray of Thy hope.
 I am helpless and forlorn
 And the bonds of my faith
 Are fast losing their hold,
 And despair and gloom
 Make me lose my hope
 To join Thy lotus feet.

(63)

I enjoy the glory of peace
Under the shadow of Thy grace divine.
'Tis an escort of virtue
That carries me safely,
Through the toil and turmoil of life
Leaving my worldly hopes
To mourn in silence.
The calls to mundane duty
Whisper their notes of charm
And allure me
From the consciousness of Thy right supreme.
The murmurings of my jilted pride
Are hushed up in calm
And a genial truce proclaimed
Under the rule of Thy love benign.

(64)

They work out Thy mission in silence.
Their life shrouded in the darkness of age
And their task toilsome
To the struggling soul unknown.
Their field of operation
Does embrace the whole creation
And their boon of love
Extends to every life
Colour and creed without.
With their soothing balm
The patient is healed
But he knows not the benevolent spell,
And enjoys his ignorance sweet
Since they keep themselves
All along the veil behind.

(65)

Theirs is the labor of love.
 spurn the glory of the flesh,
 The world can bestow in its sanguine mood of benevolence,
 Or in return to the virtue of their help;
 They burn the faggots of praise and censure
 In the fire of peace
 And shower the blessings of hope
 Without the noise of the drop.
 The smile and perfume of the rose
 Enlivens the spirit
 And the vaunting world knows it not.

(66)

Thou art pulling the wires from behind.
 I find Thee ever
 In the tears of joy and grief
 As well the struggle of war and peace.
 Whether in the flutter of the bird
 Or the roar of the cloud
 The rustling of the leaf
 Or the hopeful flower smile,
 I see Thy power supreme
 That maintains its rule
 In law and order
 To the final bliss of the world.

(67)

They are the angels of love.
 No mortal air they breathe
 But live in the sphere unknown ;
 And no gown of flesh and blood they wear
 But suffer the convenient garb of whim.

The ailing life with care they watch
 And nurse the struggling nerve ;
 They keep the vigil the divers forms throughout
 And pursue and help the yearning soul
 Till at last he grasps Thy light above.

(68)

I hear Thy voice in my dreams.
 Thy ringing tune breaks upon my sleeping nerves
 And sends a thrill through lulling mood,
 The touch divine
 With lively bliss surcharged
 Drags me from the trammels of slumber away
 Till at last the journey
 Through dull darkness of my mind
 Makes me swoon
 And forget the charm
 When wide awake.

(69)

My Lord! Let me love Thee for the sake of love.
 I long Thy vision of life to see
 And the darkness of dormant life to cross
 I yearn to hear Thy song of bliss
 And ignore the fleeting charms of the world.
 My worship has its birth in hope
 And my faith has its life in Thy truth.
 On the firm rock of Thy benevolent greatness
 My choice I maintain,
 Thus adding a slur on the nature of selfless love.

(70)

I do not believe in my faith.
On the tottering sands of prudent speculation
Did I found my mansion of faith;
'Twill not suffer
The blast of Thy test
Or the showers of Thy wrath.
Let the air breathe the sweetness of bliss
And never pollute the sphere
With the biting currents of misfortune
And I'll maintain my ground
And profess my belief
On the avowed merits of my virtue.

(71)

They are all the blessings of the serpentine fire,
'Tis the offspring of renunciation
And has its living in Thy power supreme,
'Tis a latent force
That opens its virtue with the coming of Thy grace.
'Tis the sweet song of truth
That foreruns the spring of Thy love.
It breaks through the coils of births
And hurrying the struggling soul
From out the soporific charm of the world
Instals the recipient
On the throne of Self.

(72)

Blessed are those that know the serpentine truth.
 They in the world sleep over their strength
 And gloat over the happy ignorance
 Of the link divine.
 The structure is reared
 On the rocks of faith and sacrifice,
 On service and abnegation of self.
 In twain is shattered the mind
 And in gloom the functions fly.
 It opes the gates of vision
 And pours forth in torrents
 The showers of bliss eternal.

(73)

Where art thou running, my fleeting mind!
 Art thou not exhausted of thy itinerant life
 Led through the cycle of divers form and place
 Every change adding to thy range
 Myriads of fields and pastures new.
 And augmenting thy speed at every forward step ?
 Canst thou not pause
 And break through the wheels of whirling greed
 And spend a lonely while
 To ponder over thy solid stock for ages past?
 Thou shalt find
 Thou hast gained the loss
 And lost thy gain
 In happiest self-deceit.

(74)

Why art thou crying, my babe?

A moment before

**Thou wert groping in the foetus maze
In silence without a sob or tear.**

Art thou so loathe to leave thy immortal seat

And join the polluted air of the world

Engrossed in cares of the transient life?

Hast thou not lost that memory sweet

Of unflinching truth and bliss eternal

From whence thy descent makes thee sad

And pour forth thy piteous plaint

In mystic terms

Before the simple herd that flocks

To hail thy birth with ceremonious joy?

(75)

'Tis Thy look without the eyes

That cheers the hearts of the dear,

'Tis Thy smile without the lips

That enlivens the spirits of the lover.

'Tis Thy help without the self

That opens the eternal weal,

'Tis Thy love without a vaunt

That avoids the cycling wheel.

(76)

My Lord ! Teach me the language of Thy tongue,

I hear the song of the cuckoo,

It fills my heart

With ecstatic hope of lands unknown,

And carries me away

In quest of the note primeval
 That runs through all
 Man or brute, bird or ant.
 With the changing form, the alphabet varies
 And cleaves the bonds of birth
 Shutting the regions of sympathy and love
 In unconscious silence to mourn their loss.
 Let me touch the joining chord
 That vibrates through them all
 And I'll construe the line of hate and love
 That breathes through the various modes of life.

(77)

'Tis the habit of self-sameness
 That runs through the nature of the wise.
 Wealth and power surrender their charms
 And join hands with the poor and ugly
 Their humble homage to pay
 At the throne of his all-embracing love.
 Throws he his self-same vision
 On every phase of life
 That under his ken comes
 Without the distinction bane
 In rank and virtue
 And through all the struggling lungs of the worlds
 Breathes the air of hope.

(78)

Adieu to the truth, that dares not withstand the ravages
 of time,
 Adieu to the logic, that dares not face the terrors of reason
 and rhyme :

Adieu to the love, that dares not buffet the censure of
criticism hurled.

Adieu to the bliss, that dares not suffer the flags of fate
“ unfurled.

(79)

I've got the savings of my own.
I ransack the world
Of all the coins of various metal and stamp
And renounce them away
As devoid of truth and virtue.
I add the coins of my experience,
Though without form and space,
And pile the invaluable assets
In my coffers of life.
Never do I leave my treasure behind
Like the rich
But away I take it on my back
When I change my abode
And join my place of choice
Where await in swarms the unknown tears and smiles.

(80)

I am searching myself without my own,
Though seated am I in my heart
Ready to shine and bless.
On my neck the pearls have I got
And I am running abroad in search of the lace.
In calm and peace I count the world
And suffer the threats of joy and pain,
Omitting myself without my knowledge all along.

(81)

'Tis all a pack of blinds.
 They stumble upon the elephant form
 So huge and mighty
 And pass the judgment of their own;
 They grasp the trunk, the foot and the back
 And hail it as the serpent, the post and the wall,
 Blind are they
 And it blinds their reason;
 And they would not wait to think
 But dare pass their judgment in haste
 And incur the pity of the wise.

(82)

Let me learn the art of faith,
 I'll challenge my right of belief
 If on the slippery sands of ignorance it stands,
 And not on the basic rock of self-experience
 And having its birth in thwarted reason.
 Self-satisfaction is no fault
 Nor an uncommon demand,
 Though it works the waste of labour and age,
 I'll struggle and fail
 And over my defeat pause to think
 And grasp the steel of faith
 To snatch the laurels of glory in the end.

(83)

Let me be the master of myself.
 I'll concentrate my will
 And swim in the sky,
 And with suppressed breath join the planets

And cutting the barriers of length and weakness
 Shall in unknown hearts
 Whisper message of kindred love,
 I shall be as strong as strength itself.
 And in wreckless joy move in the world
 Undaunted by the threats of power mundane,
 I shall be as light as the air
 And float in the struggling life of flesh and blood;
 And suffer the fate of helpless woe
 Singing the silent song of sympathetic love
 To those that care to know.

(84)

They ne'er forget themselves.
 The fire knows it how to burn
 And the water to drench it how,
 And ages of unfathomable length
 Have failed their nature to change.
 'Tis only human life
 That dares proclaim its vaunt of reason
 And tamely suffers to ignore
 Its primeval place
 Forgetting the light of birth all along
 To join the darkness in the world.

(85)

I'll know the final truth.
 I'll try to gather the various ends of life
 And burn the dross
 In the fire of my experience in Self
 Picking up the grains of wisdom few
 That stand the test with success.

I shall try to eliminate
 And struggle to know
 And reach the terminal point,
 A rival without,
 Where the canons of justice meet
 In full satisfaction to proclaim
 The verdict of truth unanimous.

(86)

The wonders of habit are they.
 With the chains of life have I been fettered
 From times to human search unknown
 And the grip and hold of constant bonds
 Have lost that vice in bondage,
 Taking them all the while
 As emblems of endless freedom.
 The darkness of the prison I conceive
 As my light and lead
 And would never change my fate
 To join the luminous rays of the Sun abroad.

(87)

Fancy works throughout
 Pain and happiness differ
 With different life
 That construes its hate and love
 In divers modes of reason.
 There they change with shades of temper
 And paint the world with their variegated hue
 Maintaining the eminence individual
 All the while.

Every being has got its balance own
 And weights of maudlin fancy
 And with his own measure
 Gives and takes
 Unmindful of the neighbouring eye.

(88)

My Lord ! Thou art so tender
 That a tear from me can melt Thy love,
 Thou art so humble
 That a prayer from me brings Thee down from above.
 Thou art so benevolent
 That a flower from me secures a blessing.
 Thou art so kind
 That a myriad faults of mine are always missing.

(89)

There is the law of work and gain,
 They must bow to the immutable law
 And submit themselves meekly
 To the decree divine.
 Those who sow the stones,
 Shall reap the kind,
 Ignorance of law shall not hold,
 And shall bind themselves to suffer
 The dictates of fate.
 Death saves them not from the clutches of the rule
 The order of the throne it postpones
 And through changing life
 Haunts the victim
 Till at last the debts are paid in full.

(90)

I am not alone in my journey.
Though I resign my mortal frame to the earth
Yet with me on shoulders mine I take
My bag and baggage of deeds
Done with the conscious vein of self-interest.
I carry along my hampered greed
In hopes of a better chance of life,
And suffer the burden
Till at last I find a home
That suits my cherished aim.

(91)

I call my body, mine and mine ;
Why is it that I fret and pine ?
I call my kindred, mine and mine ;
Why is it that I fret and pine ?
I call my wealth, mine and mine ;
Why is it that I fret and pine ?
I call the world, mine and mine;
Why is it that I fret and pine?
If everything is mine and mine,
They dare not usurp my claim ;
But it belongs to Thee and Thine,
And obeys the orders of Thy aim.

(92)

The drops that fall from the sky
Gather together and join the ocean abroad ;
Let my deeds in selfless duty done
Join themselves and worship Thy lotus-feet,
Let every moment of my life
Be surcharged with Thy love,

And bless my kindred life
 With the fragrance of Thy hope.
 Let Thy hope fill the air of my pipe
 And cheer away the longings of my heart.

(93)

Thy love knows no separation.
 They in the world join their fates for a time
 And love and hate
 And enliven the ennui of their life.
 They are the sticks that flow along the flood
 And for a while join, only to separate again,
 Without the power of a smile or tear.
 They know it not, whence they come
 And whitherto they are flying.
 Still they pretend to know
 And sing their song
 Until hushed up in silence
 By the cruel hand of time.

(94)

Enough of Thy blessings, my Lord !
 I am afraid when I revel in them,
 I am fast losing my hold on Thee ;
 Let me not be deceived of my goal
 And suffer the severe fall
 Along the self-sufficient steps
 Only to lose the final grace of Thy hallowed feet
 That I long to embrace all my life.

(95)

Do you know of the saintly flower
 That bloomed in the woods ?
 'Twas there all its life
 With all its smile and grace
 And filled the air with its fragrance sweet,
 And with the advance of time
 Withered its petals
 And threw them from the stem
 To the soil from whence they came.
 Though it did not grace the braid of thy lady-love
 And nobody ever dreamt of its life
 Yet it shone
 And had its birth and worship
 With silent hymns of love and service
 Till the last moments of its decay.

(96)

My Lord ! Thou art eating the players of Thy team,
 Tell me what it means ;
 Thou art killing the babes of Thy womb,
 Tell me what it means ;
 Thou art felling the trees of Thy life,
 Tell me what it means ;
 Thou art breaking the toys of Thy play,
 Tell me what it means ;
 Is it that change is the motto of Thy game,
 If so, tell me if these are Thy means.

(97)

I play with the cards of my own
 I build the hut of the poor,
 I look at it and smile and build again.
 I build the mansion of the rich,
 I look at it and smile and build again.
 I build the palace of the king,
 I look at it and smile and build again.
 I tear the cards and my fancy,
 I look at them and smile
 And do not build again.

(98)

Fly away, my charming bird !
 The gates of thy cage are open
 And the air of freedom hails thee from afar,
 Alas ! Thou hast forgotten thy nature
 And weakened the swing of thy wings ;
 Thou couldst no longer soar high in the sky
 And breathe the melodious song
 And preach thy message of truth
 To break the bonds of elusion.

(99)

Twinkle, twinkle, star ;
 And fill my heart with thy message of love.
 They that care to ignore thy light
 Are the hirelings of a perverted brain.
 They know it not
 That it breathes the air of love, pure and simple
 Unmindful of their response
 With love or hate.
 Thou shalt shine with thy smile for ever,
 And cheer the yearning soul with thy hope.

(100)

My Lord ! I am suffering from my fall.
 I cannot look at the height ;
 My eyes have lost the power of vision.
 The fibres of my brain
 Their balance have lost,
 And my limbs are benumbed to the dire pangs of death.
 I see the glimmer of Thy light,
 But wilt Thou not pity an helpless soul
 And raise him up
 From the gloomy depth of darkness
 That shrouds his unhappy being
 To the eternal fame of Thy benevolent greatness ?

(101)

Life to life whispers love
 And breathes the unbroken charm
 In terms distinct and without a doubt.
 The wise hear the notes that fill the air
 And proclaim the freedom of bonds
 From the shackles of fancied pain
 That visit the unhappy soul
 And makes him suffer in heaven
 The pangs of hell.

(102)

My Lord ! Thou canst do and undo.
 Thou hast made the laws of life
 And canst change them at Thy will.
 I come at Thy door
 With the offerings of my sins,
 And dare to approach Thy mercy,

Thus to confess away the impending harm.
 I long to join the virtue of Thy redeeming love
 And cross the threshold of recurring pain
 Never to besmear myself
 With the darkness of vice again.

(103)

The rays belong to the sun,
 But the sun does not belong to the rays ;
 The waves belong to the sea,
 But the sea does not belong to the waves ;
 The sword belongs to the brave,
 But the brave does not belong to the sword ;
 The word belongs to the sound,
 But the sound does not belong to the word ;
 My Lord ! Though I belong to Thee,
 I confess, Thou dost not belong to me.

(104)

Thou art all-knowing.
 But didst Thou not hear my call ?
 Thou art almighty,
 But canst Thou not raise me from my fall ?
 Thou art all-pervading,
 But didst Thou not gauge my mind ?
 Thou art the hope of every being,
 But canst Thou not save me and my kind ?

(105)

'Tis the creation of my will.
I create the sweet perfumes of my desire
And fill the vacuum of my silence
With the fragrance unknown to the common herd,
And dedicate my breath
To the sweet grace of my Lord.
I stumble and pause
And hide my fall in tears
And promise never to usurp
The seat of ephemeral charm
Only to lament over Thy loss
In penitent solitude.

(106)

Thou art That, proclaims the voice from the sky.
Let those that care to hear,
Listen to the song of hope
And learn to believe
And welcome the eternal bliss beyond.
Let those that care to know,
Listen to the song divine
And work their wheal
To join the eternal truth beyond.
Let those that care to act
Listen to the song of life
And ply their wires of peace
To hail the eternal love beyond.

